

Dear Jack.

Providence Oct. 1779.

I tumbled out of bed this morning half a sleep and half awake, and the first thought which came into my pericranium, was the d—l fetch me if I have wrote one line to my friend Cushing, so staggering away to my desk with one eye open I began to scribble dear Jack, and would have went on but before I had got as far the J. I fell fast asleep but waking soon after and examining what I had wrote Dear J — was all, and that much in the way you ~~see~~ here see, so tearing the top of the paper off began again

Dear Jack.

I found Mr. Blodget better upon my arrival here, than she had been, and still continues to mend. I had not time to take my leave of you, before I left Boston — this has doubtless been explained by Mr. Cushing.

I wish that ship of yours was at sea — there's no hearing a word from you, you are so engorged in business.

I had a very curious set of companions
in the coach - Two Lieutenants of the Navy (one of w^{ch}
had but one eye) a girl with one leg a jolly captain,
a fat country woman, and your servant Mr Major.
I was rather roughly saluted by one of the navy blades
upon getting into the coach. "Come 't - d dang ye
is if you're going to" I look'd at him - "dang'd
women", said he, "for my part I never want to see
any of 'em, I shall have the Ague by & by, and by the
lord I shall shake some of these guts out." Law what
the gentleman apt to have fits? Fits yes, not ye.
He was a ~~was~~ man of plain and open manners, and
afforded us much diversion on the road - sometimes
a little too plain or so, which was considerably
irritated by our hearty Hah ha ha hah.

The other Lieutenant and the girl sat op-
posite each other, and could master no more than
three eyes and three legs between 'em. Our country
matron sat ~~opposite~~ over against the Captain, and was
mighty observant all the way: but all she said was
tantamount only to - "it's desperate woodzy here, about,
not half so thick settled as Roxbury" To which our Lieut.
would reply with a very harsh - Nan - "t - d dang
ye you don't expect all the world is like Roxbury do
ye? - No Sir, but - Nan -

Every thing that can creep, has gone down the river, and there waiting with impatience for the Enemy to depart— they have not as yet gone, but it is generally thought they only wait for a wind to carry them up the Sound. I expect soon to be in Newport myself as I make no doubt of they're going.

My kind regards wait on Mr Cushing, and
at the same ^{time} believe me to be, your Friend
and humble servant—

Wm Lloyd Garrison

Mr John Cushing

Mr John Cushing?
Merchant.

Brookline.

By

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